

# DAREDEVIL<sup>®</sup>



MARVEL

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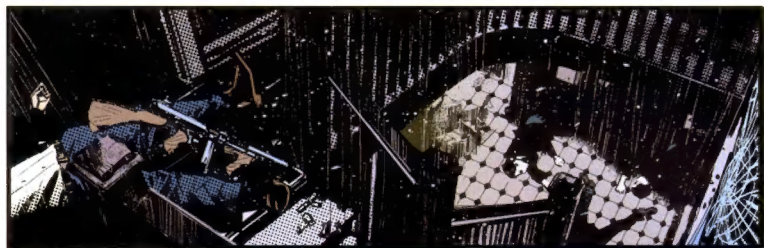
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# LIAR'S POKER

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"...YOU HAVE  
TO KNOW THE  
BEGINNING..."

TELL ME  
AGAIN.

I-I-I  
WASN'T EVEN  
THERE!

I know  
he's lying.

I can hear it  
in his voice. I  
can hear it in  
his HEARTBEAT.

I can  
SMELL it.

But he's  
only one.

CONFESSION  
IS GOOD FOR  
THE SOUL.

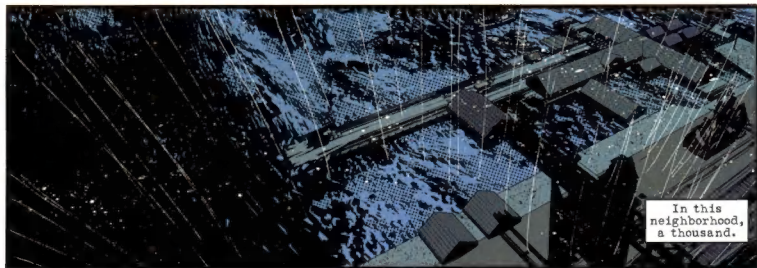
GO TO  
HELL.



KRRRRRINCH!!

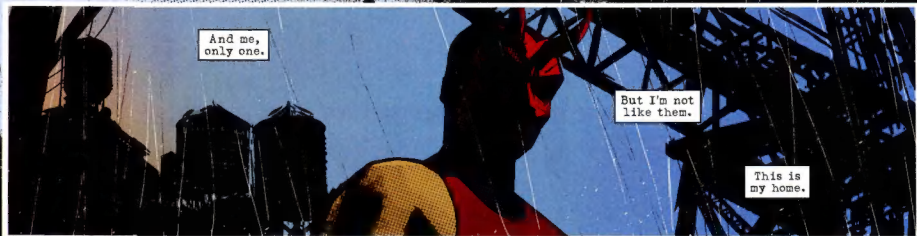
AAAAGGGHHH!!

In this block  
there are a  
dozen others.

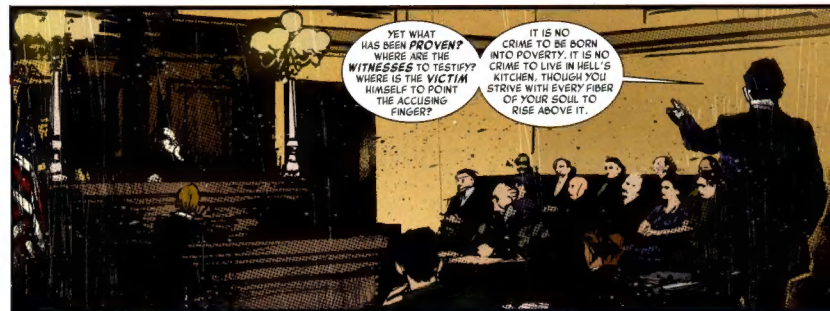


In this  
neighborhood,  
a thousand.

In this city,  
a hundred  
thousand.



...that's how  
it has to be.





I played  
the cards I  
was dealt.

JUMP!  
JUMP! JUMP!  
JUMP!



I could do things  
they'd never seen  
any kid do,  
especially no  
BLIND kid.



That's how  
I became  
Daredevil.



And when the colored  
vaudeville outfits all  
moved to Harlem, I stayed  
here. In the Kitchen.

GENTLEMEN  
OF THE JURY, HAVE  
YOU REACHED A  
VERDICT?

WE  
HAVE, YOUR  
HONOR.

WHAT SAY  
YOU?



NOT  
GUILTY.



WELL, MATT.  
THERE'S YOUR  
HELL'S KITCHEN  
JUSTICE.

There's a smell  
people give off when  
they're getting away  
with something.

I think I hate  
that smell worse  
than anything  
else in the world.

Sometimes  
the city  
overwhelms me.

I can tell every  
carburetor that  
needs a tuneup.

Every fish that's  
a day older than  
the monger claims.

I can feel the IRT under my  
feet like a monster clawing  
its way up my shinbones. Every  
squeal of brakes is like a  
needle in my eardrums, a  
sound so intense it has colors.

I remember  
colors.

EXTRA!  
EXTRA! BULL'S  
EYE KILLER  
STRIKES  
AGAIN!

EXTRA!  
COPPERS  
KILLED ON  
THE DOCKS!  
EXTRA!

DAILY EAGLE  
BULL'S EYE KILLER  
TARGETS HELL'S KITCHEN  
THREE FINEST  
GUNNED DOWN  
IN BREWERY  
BUST-UP!!



YOU  
HEAR ABOUT  
THIS GUY?

NO.

WORD  
IS THAT HE  
NEVER MISSES.  
EVERY SHOT IS ONE  
MORE FOR THE  
UNDERTAKER.



THE  
OTHER THING  
I HEARD IS  
THAT--

--HALLORAN'S  
GUYS. AT LEAST  
THAT'S WHAT THE  
REPORTERS ARE  
SAYING TO EACH  
OTHER.



HALLORAN.  
HUH?

THAT'S  
WHAT THE  
REPORTERS SAY,  
BUT YOU KNOW  
THOSE GUYS.

A war is  
coming.

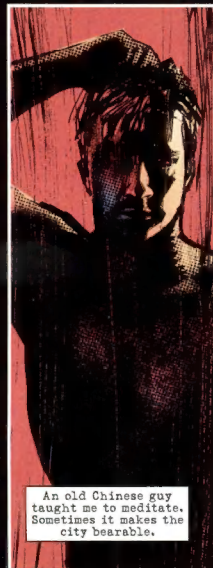


Not me.

I hear every mouse  
in the walls, every  
heartbeat of my  
neighbors.

I know a woman  
is pregnant before  
she does.

I smell cancers  
on the bodies  
of old men.



An old Chinese guy  
taught me to meditate.  
Sometimes it makes the  
city bearable.



But sometimes  
I can't find the  
place in my head.



Like  
tonight.



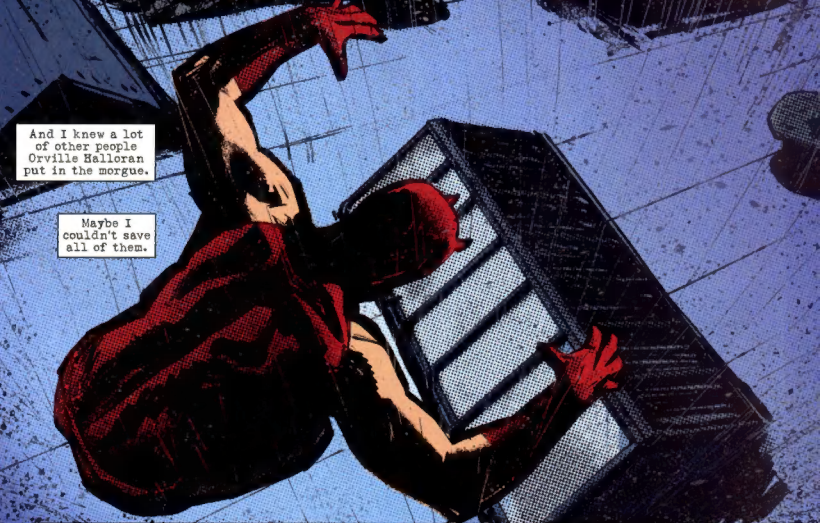
Thin ice over deep,  
deep water. If I could  
get to the bottom,  
there I could rest.



I dream of a  
quiet place.



Home is a  
prison I carry  
in my head.



And I knew a lot  
of other people  
Orville Halloran  
put in the morgue.

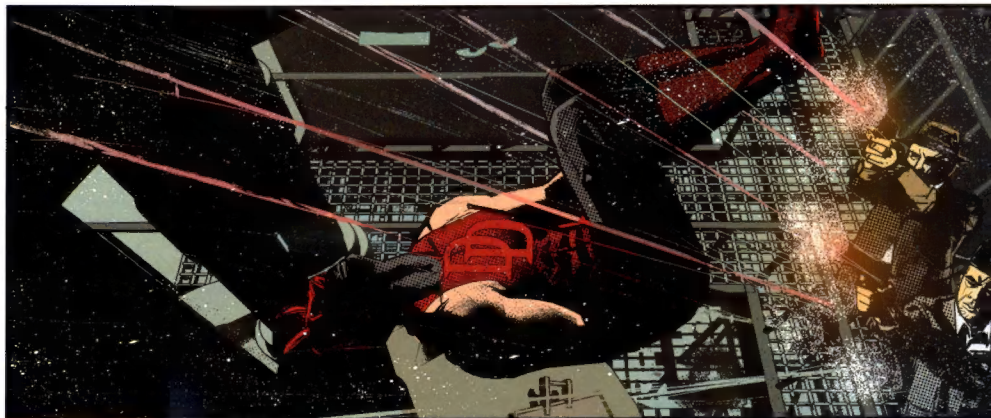
Maybe I  
couldn't save  
all of them.



But when  
you can't save  
someone...



...you  
AVENGE  
them.





...AFTER THAT,  
WE EXCHANGED  
PLEASANTRIES, AND WENT  
OUR SEPARATE WAYS, TO  
PREPARE FOR THE WAR  
WE BOTH NOW KNEW  
WAS COMING.



YOU  
COULD HAVE  
KILLED HIM  
THEN.

PERHAPS.  
YES. IT WAS  
MY PLACE WE  
WERE IN.

WHY  
DIDN'T  
YOU?

SURELY  
YOU KNOW.



YOU KEPT  
HIM AROUND  
TO TAKE CARE  
OF ME.

OF COURSE.  
IF I CONSIDERED  
ORVILLE HALLORAN AS A  
RESOURCE, THAT WAS  
CERTAINLY THE BEST  
USE FOR HIM.

AND THEN  
YOU--

PLEASE.  
THERE'S NO  
HURRY HERE.



"LET THE STORY TELL  
ITSELF. WON'T YOU?  
IT'S JUST WARNING UP."

TO BE CONTINUED.